

The Delights of the Bottle.

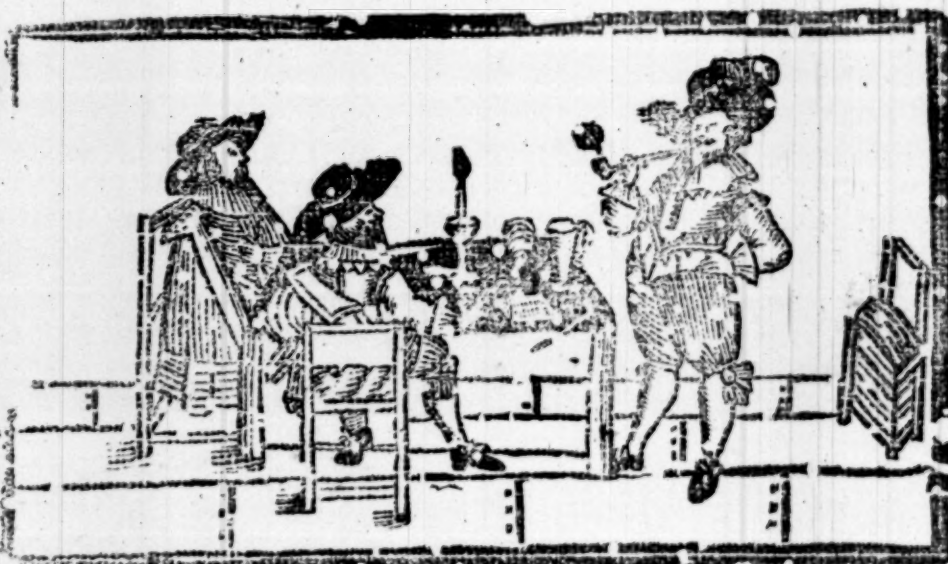
OR, The town-Galants Declaration for Women and Wine.

Being a Description of a Town-bred Gentleman, with all his Intregues, Pleasure, Company, Humor, and Conversation.

Gallants from faults he can not be exempt,
Who doth a task so difficult attempt;
I know I shall not hit your features right,
'Tis hard to imitate in black and white.

Some Lines were drawn by a more skillful hand,
And which they were you'll quickly understand;
Excuse me therefore if I do you wrong,
I did but make a Ballad of a Song.

To a most Admirable New Tune, every where much in request.



The Delights of the Bottle & charms of good wine,
To the pow'r & the pleasures of love must resign,
Though the night in the joys of good drinking be past,
The debauches but still the next morning doth last;
But loves great debauch is more lasting and strong,
For that often lasts a man all his life long.
Love, and Wine, are the bonds that fasten us all,
The world, but for this, to confusion would fall;
Were it not for the pleasures of love and good wine,
Man-kind, for each trifle, their lives would resign;
They'd not value dull life, or wou'd live without thinking
Of things rule the world, but for love & good drinking.
For the Brave, and the Dull, by sobriety cur'd,
That would ne'r take a glass, but for quenching his thirst
He that once in a Month takes a touch of the Scurvy,

And poor Nature up-holds with a bit and a knock
Whatever the ignorant Rabble may say,
Tho' he breaths till a hundred, he lives but a day.
Let the Puritan preach against wenches, and drink,
He may prate out his Lungs, but I know what I think;
When the Lecture is done, he'll a Sister entice;
Not a Letcher in Town can out-do him at vice;
Tho' beneath his Religion, he stifles his joys,
And becomes a Debauch without clamour or noise.
'Twixt the Vices of both, little difference lyes,
But that one is more open, the other precise:
Though he drinks like a chick, with his eye-balls lift up,
Yet I'll warrant thee boy, he shall take off his cup:
His Religious debauch, does the gallants out-match,
For a Saint is his Wench, and a Plauis; his Catch.

The Second Part, To the same Tune.

For the Lady of Vertue & Honour so strict,
That who offers her Guineys deserves to be kick'd
Who with sport by her self, doth her fancy beguile,
That's ashamed of a jest, and afraid of a smile;
May she lye by her self, till she wear out the stairs,
Going down to her Dinner, and up to her Prayers.
But let us that have Noble and generous souls,
No method observe, but in filling our bowls;
Let us frolick it round, to replenish our veins,
And with notions divine, to inspire our brains,
'Tis a way that's Gentile, and is found to be good,
Both to quicken the Wit, and enliven the blood.

What a pleasure it is to see bottles before us,
With the women among us to make up the Chorus:
Now a Jest, now a Catch, now a Buss, now a Health,
Till our pleasure comes on by insensible stealth,
And when grown to a height, with our Girls we retire,
By a brisker enjoyment, to slacken the fire.

And this is the way that the wiser do take,
A perpetual motion in pleasure to make:
With a flood of Obrian, we fill up each vein,
All the Spirits of which Job's Atimbeck must drain;
While the soberer Dot, has no motion of blood,
For his fancy is nothing but Puddle and Mud.
He's a slave to his soul, who in sight of his sense,
With a Clog of his own putting on can dispence,
For he fetters himself, when at large he might rove,
So he's ty'd from the sweets of good drinking and love,
Yet he's satisfied well, that he's thought to be wise,
By the dull and the foolish; I mean the precise.

For my part whatever the consequence be,
To my will and my fancy, I'll always be free,
They are mad that do wilfully run upon selves,
Since dangers, and troubles, will come of themselves;
For whoever desireth to live like a man,
He must be without trouble, as long as he can.
And these are the pleasures true Gallants do find,
To which if you are not, you should be inclin'd,
If you follow my counsel, you take off the curse,
And if you do not, we are never the worse;
Yet none will refuse, but a Beggar or Cret,
Who to car'on the humour, wants Money or Wit.

FINIS.

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sold at their shops in West-smith-field.